Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

They still
sing of things
that they
have already
taken
out to sea
and sunk
in fathoms
deep and dark
they sing
of things
that they've
allowed
the crows
to conquer
I recognize
the subtle
manipulations
I believe
that many others
do as well
they have
stirred up
a tempest
of fierce
and salted wind
they tell us
to go and seek
the tolling
of a cracked bell
it was heard
by many
before our time
it was a bell
of enchantment
heard across
a city
under the heavens
of stars

***
- 2/7/2026

A mercurial wind
inhabits
this chamber
of Medieval artifacts
this chamber
is a gateway
to an age
that has
passed on
in the sense
of linear time
yet its essence
remains
its essence
has found
a place here
and so it has
defied notions
and expectations
to the contrary
here the drawbridge
is lowered
the invisible moat
may be crossed
here in
this chamber
the Sunlight
shining through
the windows
is Medieval Sunlight
here is
an anomaly
of time
yet in truth
it's very being
is beyond
our comprehension
in truth
it is far more
likely
that we become
an anomaly
in time
so be humble
in your passage

through the
mysterious realms
of this life

***

- 2/7/2026

Set me adrift
between
two bright beacons
of forgotten flame
it is the world
that forgets
yet the world
is asleep
to its own place
in the sea
of stars
planets
and horizons
of eternity
set me adrift
and may songbirds
of the morning sky
enlighten
my world-weary
soul
how I have
allowed myself
to be vexed
by such things
that are as
a raindrop
in a tempest
let these
beacon lights
guide me
to shores
where vision
is true
and closer
to boundless
behold a ripple
in the waters
of these moments
they are as
memory itself
returning to
its most
beloved isle

*** - 2/7/2026

Were that I was
surrounded
by a thousand
lanterns
of philosophy
yet this is not
my good fortune
my fortune
this time
is that I'm
surrounded
by a dozen
streetlights
just a dozen
just regular
streetlights
regular electric
not the
lantern light
of the Cynics
the Stoics
the lantern light
of Neoplatonist
no... there is
nothing
of the sort
happening
here tonight
I hear
the faint sound
of piano music
yet I know not
from where
exactly
it originates from
the Alpha and Omega
words have yet
to be spoken
I know
this much
but be patient
and in being
patient
await the

course correction
await the hour
when we sail
for the open sea
*** - 2/8/2026

A halo seen
around
someone's head
on a spring
afternoon
a serpent
from regions
across the sea
slithers
across my shoes
how did it
cross the ocean
it is a tale
to both tell
and transcribe
for future
generations
I am sure

***

- 2/8/2026

Of late
the world
seems strange
and full
of calamity
as if
the entirety
of all
this creation
were poised
to receive
the dream essence
of Mars
no .... this is
no kingdom
for a quiet
enlightened soul
any longer
something
stirs here
that seems
most strange
in light of day
when the sky
seems ashen
and a sea
of omens
I seek out
the clue
that breathes
understanding
I know
the untamed wind
is but spectacle
ominous
yet false
in its portrayal

***

- 2/9/2026

This is indeed
an age
that seeks
a brighter Sun
the dismal residue
the shadows
of shadows departed
linger
with a presence
enough
to be felt
by the ominous
daydreamer
we walk
these streets
these fields
and whether
we will it
or not
stand poised
to receive
the crow's lament
I could tell you
of such
strange visions
beheld only
momentarily
and then lost
within them
I saw a world
remembering
its own
anointed splendor
days of brighter Sun
are wished for here
may they be
swift in appearing
for our longing
is such
of grey disposition
in this time
when the flame
that gives
welcoming light
is so lashed
by the fierce wind
*** - 2/9/2026

The crowds
are gathering
with torches
and pitchforks
the road
that we all knew
would bring us here
at last
conciliatory gestures
could have
been made
yet they were not
as the bluejay
flies
so does the crow
those sacred words
from a long
time ago
cast such
an illuminating
light
yet we have
diminished it
so remarkably
we seem to be
very astute
at diminishing
the light
of enlightenment
at some point
in the past
decisions were made
that sent out
psychic ripples
that would
undermine
the foundations
of the utopia
that existed
radiantly
in our imaginations
thus it is so
I declare
now to
the whims

of this day
I make like air
and drift away

***

-2/10/2026

Every day
this world
seems more
like a cauldron
of bat stew
I cannot be
the only one
that sees this
my crystal ball
leads me
to believe
all shall be humbled
by a fiery wind
from a titan's
breath
at the noon hour
on a day
of Medieval Sun
what have they begun
what have they
set in motion
water wheels
spinning
powering
electric instruments
that buy us
just a little
more time
before we must
climb atop
pillars of salt
as the rainclouds
approach
reminding us
that all here
is futility
in the grand scheme

***

- 2/10/2026

A longtime
friend of mine
recently fell
into the chasm
of the great
political divide
down into
that pit
of angry shouts
and political
slogan signs
how unfortunate
indeed
we'd known
each other
since we were
teenagers
now our friendship
is just another
casualty
of it all
as the chasm
grows ever wider
and grows
in length
it's reached
every town
and city
across the land
like the web
of a spider
the chasm expands
ever outward
intersecting
crossing
latitudes
and longitudes
overshadowing
the awe once felt
for the
Prime Meridian
I shall from
here on out
take better care
to watch my step

and watch
my ideological zeal
a bit of
passionate conviction
is a good thing
here and there
yet ideology
can be
like a cobra
rising out of
a wicker basket
with deadly eyes

***

-2/10/2026

I knew you
long ago
when you were
a deadly siren
in the employ
of Poseidon
how I remember
with much
fondness
those summer days
at the Jersey shore
to me your eyes
were always
so alluring
your eyes
were death at sea
it was only
by dumb luck
that I escaped
I remember
the Sun seemed
to make the world
a little brighter
back then
how I remember
the music
of the crashing waves
the seagulls
the temptation
to be
your next victim
there along
the edge
of the ocean

***

- 2/11/2026

A dreamworld
born of vapor
I depart you now
for the world
of the turning wheel
the world
of the cog
of the carpentry tool
I depart you now
dreamworld
of the most
vaporous skies
I knew your
saints well
in my time
my beliefs
flew like sparrows
and Spitfires
in your dreamy azure
yet I must
depart you now
though only
for a time
the time
is a window
I must crawl
through
I must be careful
not to step on
Cleopatra's asp
barefoot
vaporous world
of dream perfected
I will long
to return to you
during my
long day
in this world
of the cog

***

- 2/11/2026

I greet you
with a grin
winter storm
of freezing
icy wind
set upon us
to punish sin
there it goes
there it is all
disappearing
underneath depths
of fallen snow
I underestimated
you again
old man winter
you are like
void itself
personified
the Universe
created you
like it
would create
a snowman
though I must say
I am addicted
to the wintry
snowy landscape
scenes
you created
with your obscene
unfathomable
touch of revenge
do you wish
us all
to be snowed in
for a century
it would surprise
me not
for your thoughts
are as icicles
glistening
in the light
of dawn

***

- 2/11/2026

I gravitate
towards
the abyss
of philosophies
discarded
if only
I could behold
the Minotaur's
labyrinth
once again
bones and spiders
an old mythology
resurrected
by fear
and lit torches
I am beyond
the threshold now
find me a muse
and I'll find you
an impossible truth
do you also
see the light
of Venus
through those holes
in the roof
I only wished
to imagine
a garden
of hemlock
and daggers
I followed
the symmetry
of the amnesia
line of thought
I forgot
almost everything
but for
Hammurabi's Code
wink wink
do you count
your pieces of eight
when you're alone
we are
reincarnated pirates
who once lived
in Madagascar

those tall trees
at dawn
with such
a planetary
and divine form
the beekeepers bees
escaped
and flew away
to Zurich
I am told
that they found
the Queen
above all
other Queens
I was listening
to the radio
for a brief time
this morning
I did happen
to catch
an advertisement
for the
Spanish Inquisition
I will keep that
in mind
for the next time
I go to
the market
for some wormwood
and a silver cane

***

- 2/11/2026

Tonight
old Soviet
satellites
are falling
back to Earth
the Moon
has hidden itself
over the coast
of Portugal
I wasn't being
very friendly
when I shot
an arrow
through your
existential
cardboard castle
find the one
greatest of pearls
and you find
safe passage
to the lost continent
didn't they
sell you
a lemon
then some
lemonade
then some
ingredients
for some
alchemical endeavor
of flame
and mercury
for a full
description
see Appendix A
in the notes
sections
in the
old grimoire
of a feather
and a spell

***

- 2/11/2026

Hidden behind
clouds
in this
morning hour
yet I know
Helios
is up there
in the sky
making decrees
about the kingdom
through bright
golden
telepathy
the world
is perhaps
ordered through
philosophical
means
and principles
ethereal philosophy
a philosophy
of the great
vast azure
in the hour
of the flower
in the sky
of the butterfly

***

- 2/12/2026

Another day
of the
bad news
where's
the good news
where are
they hiding it
and why
many people
are making
a nice
living for
themselves
in the field
of news
so why
aren't they
out looking for
the good news
why do they
just bring us
the bad
are they
nihilist
sadomasochist
defeatist
doomsday
worshippers
what's the news
about the news
anymore

***

- 2/12/2026

Tires fires
oil fires
old satellites
falling
back to Earth
crashing
in the
Mojave Desert
wind fueling
the flames
corruption
fueling
the flames
dark smoke
rising
towards Valhalla
in the
evening sky
where do
we find
a hopeful dream
anymore
with so many
fires burning
a rain
of ashes
the birds
fly away
the oil tankers
sail away
the Moonlight
blocked out
by smoke clouds
the story
of a civilization
is the story
of a climb
and a fall
and the wind
that blows
the dust around

***

- 2/12/2026

Nightingale
of the fog
leaving within
the hour
on the last boat
heading out
to Ithaca
I'm not leaving
much behind
what little
there was
fell to pieces
the same song
sung for
a thousand years
now I'll be
going back
to where
mythology
is real
where Luna's
lantern light
shines within
the hour
I'll only be
looking ahead
upon the waves
that free us
from memories
if we wish it

***

-2/12/2026

It's a wish
of futility
as so many are
now I greet
the rising Sun
and it
greets me back
yet the world
throws
its icicles
at me
mad that I
do not celebrate
all of this
kleptocracy
I have weaved
a sea shanty
into the air
it rhymes a little
yet hardly
walking along
a foggy beach
is a favorite thing
of mine to do
I seek the
dissolution
of the abbeys
that were
constructed
in my mind
I hear
the sea's symphony
in its
rolling waves
I was once
a mariner
in days that now
seem like
fragments
of obscurity
the morning fog
here along the sea
is a cathedral
for the sirens
soon they will

be singing
and I must leave
before I feel
the temptation
to seek death
in their eyes

***

- 2/13/2026

I feel compelled
to speak of
the crumbling palace
soon it shall be
like an albatross
tossed about
in a tempest
why didn't
you leave
do you see
no real point
to any of it either
we should believe
in each others
confessions
I doubt you not
and I know
that like myself
the world
has turned you into
a cracked vase
so bring me
some of that
philosophy
that numbs
the soul
you have taken
your dosage
of such
corruption well
what do
the old words
even mean now
they are like
logs floating down
a river
towards a vast sea
of forgetting

***

-2/13/2026

I feel an ancient
longing
for the Sun
it is indeed
a very old
longing
as if I would climb
the steps
of a high altar
and offer myself
in sacrifice
to the glowing fire
of hydrogen
and atomic magic
explanations
can not do justice
to such a thing
of impulse
do we not
see this
all the time
a mad
crazed
look in the eyes
for I know
my solar deity well
he causes
the seeds to grow
he keeps
the galleons at bay
if there be
anything remembered
of my condition
let it be
that on a whim
of strange impulse
I threw myself
into a fierce
electromagnetic wind

***

- 2/13/2026

I can feel
my psyche
broken down into
its basic elements
the formal sciences
are of little
use here
they will
do me no good
I need the older
alchemy
of an emerald Sun
of lions
devouring pelicans
in the sky
unleashing
an energized wind
of secret knowledge
I can feel
the implosions
of conventional thought
all around me
it's time for
a truer form
of distillation
an element
shall be transformed
into a vapor
that enchants
my gaze
and already
damned am I
yet still
reaching towards
the heavens
like a jade vine
eager for a form
that shall receive
a philosophy
for all time

***

- 2/13/2026

Last night
I had
some rum
and I wish
I didn't
I should know
by now
it would just
leave me hurting
already used up
all of
my drinking days
in my twenties
and thirties
in that time
of haze
now these old bones
ain't what
they once were
all it takes
is a bit of rum
before bed
and I'll be
waking up
with some agony
in my head

***

- 2/13/2026

It's true
I've been on
the others side
of the fence
at times
it's true
I've travelled
pretty far
into the valley
of the madness spell
sometimes
you just
find yourself there
among the roses
of a fatal beauty
you know
how you got there
yet you still
wander how
you got there
nothing seems
to make much sense
and I can't say
that it never did
because it seemed
like it used to
long ago
it's as if
we've drifted
too far away
from the Sun
the star
of photosynthesis
and of
ancient pyramids
the further
we move away
from you
the more it becomes
unravelled
grab the biggest
damn oars
you can find
and get us
turned around

and heading back
towards the light
the great
blinding light
of the atomic
solar process
it will get us
straightened out
and if it doesn't
the madness
will eventually
make us numb
to pretty much
everything
and eventually
we won't care
about the
bad day at work
or the golf courses
of the monarchs
we'll just
be numb
sealed with wax
and fire
just plane numb

***

-2/13/2026

Poetry
shall return
to the world
in a radiance
of glorious memory
the light
of imagination
will brighten rooms
and chase away
ancient shadows
then shall such
ability to see
farther through time
than ever before
be restored
in radiance
shall this spring
of a new age
arrive

***

- 2/14/2026

That jack tar
was a friend
of mine
we would
get together
sometimes
have a few beers
and count
the vines
that grew
up closer
and closer
towards
the windows
of the house
where we met
as if vines
were trying
to reach inside
to reach us
but why
we could never
figure out
the why

***

- 2/14/2026

Marbles simply
get lost
sometimes
there's no
divine order
to it
the world
is spinning
through a sea
of void
and mystery
flowers grow
yet never
as large
as missile silos
so we wish
so we sing
so we praise
the better days
that were once
and those
that still await
it is
a powerful thing
to realize
all at once
that you're awake
in a volcano
of experiences
for myself
I will sing
of days at sea
upon waves
far away
every horizon
I see
is ocean
as desired
out here
where the wind
is the breath
of true freedom

***

- 2/14/2026

I can't seem
to settle
my mind
on one
particular
outlook
which in
a way is kind
of interesting
yet reality
keeps changing
one day
I believe
it's this
the next day
I believe
it's that
on and on
nothing
is ever
settled
nothing
seems stable
reality itself
seems like
a pinwheel
in a hurricane

***

- 2/14/2026

As a mass psychosis
seems to be
gripping the land
we feed it
every day
and it grows
and grows
infecting
so many aspects
of everyday life
I must turn away
from all thoughts
of it
for it consumes
and thrives
consumes and thrives
when midnight
is reached
I wish to be one
who is thinking
about nothing
a blank slate
a salt flat
a desert of wind

***

-2/14/2026

By the flight
of a dove
by the wings
of a bat
we'll all find
our own peace
in the year
of the cat
and wouldn't
that be
such a blessing
for us all
I forget
how many times
I've thrown in
my lot
with a false idol
by accident
or should I say
I was always prone
to being deceived
I've always
had bad luck
when it comes
to picking out
a good idol
yet I can hear
the crows speaking
I can understand
their gibberish
and it is in fact
anything
but gibberish
it is an ancient
language
spoken in
private conversations
among the crows
they talk
a bit of crap
on us
yet should
that really be
surprising
*** - 2/14/2026

The world
is no oyster
it is
a tarantula
surrounded
by rattlesnakes
and I know
if I go out
in search
of wisdom
I'll most likely
come back
none the wiser
it'll take
some time
and a lot
of Sunlight
to get our garden
growing again
we were
careless before
too careless
the garden withered
nothing grew
just some weeds
where the rattlesnakes
love to hide

***

- 2/14/2026

Wind
water
and wine
are good
for the soul
and good
for the mind
whether
a little
or a lot
it matters not
it's all a part
of the big game
and whether
you win
or you lose
it all
ends up the same

***

- 2/14/2026

Take a sip
of some draft beer
forget a year
or two
or five
it matters little
or it matters none
the play is done
the orchids
are lovely
of that
there is no doubt
be kind
be cruel
just don't be
a fool
I would say
there's no
future in it
yet society
proves me wrong
don't waste
your time
on drinking
cheap wine
unless you wish
to be a nihilist
it is a philosophy
in vogue right now
nothing has
real meaning
anyhow
move along
move along
blend in
with the crowd
be incognito
under
the high-noon Sun
the fascist
have won
so hold
your revolutionary
language
within
yet keep it
strong
as there may
come a time

to find expression
with a bayonet
and some musket balls

***

-2/15/2026

Let us go
and acquire
dexterity
acquire
monkeys paws
acquire ravens
let us go
down to the beach
and dip our toes
into the sea
look there
in the sky
it is the eyes
of Hieronymus Bosch
and all the visions
he had seen
a flying teacup
with a demon inside
look there
a musical ceremony
of lutes
playing for
royal ears
shed no tears
for the clock
of the alchemist
announces
the nearing hour
judgement
judgement and
the appointed time
when an entire city
shall be raised
from the Earth
to be settled
upon some clouds
and linger there
in glory
and radiance
over Brussels
every afternoon
at three

***

- 2/15/2026

You are
a dreamer
of the magic
and the light
are you not
I see you have made
an oil lamp
from Hermetic metals
brought to you
from Luxor
we both know
that its flame
will bring
balance
to reality
yet only
in a little
quiet room
and there
there in
the corner
I see you keep
a box of stones
and there
I recognize
a Union Jack
pinned to a wall
the green lion
will ascend
into the sky
at eleven
an appropriate time
the old manuscripts say
when we hear
it roar
in truth
we are hearing
the Sun's voice
it is commanding
and royal
in its nature
as we've always
suspected

***

- 2/14/2026

How unfortunate
it has been
to walk home alone
on these cold
winter nights
while the car
has been down
along shadowy streets
of partisan political
vile tomes
and less than
eloquent soliloquies
radio waves
blasted into
my ears
from distant
radio stations
that long for
auto-da-fe
and crusade
they are seeking
to build
a movement
of shallow thinking
road flares
shall bring light
to nothing here
an eternal silence
may pacify it
from its
propagandized
bellowing
it's as if the Earth
has been salted
for a hundred years
the streetlights
bring me memories
of Troy
seen on a horizon
of solace and fire

***

- 2/15/2026

I have
a sonnet
to give you
shredded
by the machine gun
of a red Fokker
plane from
the Great War
is it still permitted
or is it
all in vain now
do your eyes
see me at all
or have I disappeared
into the
red brick wall
why am I
still tormented
by these old laments
that spring season
long ago
was the most
pleasant
of them all
yet this winter
has seemed to last
for a thousand
risen Moons
hear me
hear me
my voice like
an old phonograph's
shadow now
go back .... back
to your life
of flowers and rain
I shall stay
where I fell
always
knowing it was
all in vain

***

- 2/15/2026

Stare not
into the Supernova
it will bring
its explosion
of light
to you
in good time
what you wish for
cannot always
be accommodated
so soon
Constantinople
lasted for centuries
beyond the twilight
of Rome
do not try
and foresee
the future
large eels
will climb
out of
your cauldron
only now
you've heard
the sweet
Pleidian music
haven't you
fill an empty bottle
half with sand
half with water
from the sea
and a mermaid
will visit you
in a dream
you must wait
patiently
for the beauty
of October
until October
it is only
February now
the seasons
will not change
their routine
for you or I
they heed only
such wishes
from those
that worship